

Record of the Crimes Committed on a Kansas Road.

A Favorite Resort of Thieves and Murderers Who Plundered and Killed at Every Opportunity.

Grouse Creek road, in Cowley county, has attained an unenviable notoriety during the last few years. To the ghost hunter it would prove a rich field, for here can be found enough horrors to fully satisfy the most morbid imagination. A few years ago a gentleman, known as Dave Bright, was driven in a hack on this road from Arkansas City, beaten senseless and robbed of \$100. A little further down, at Silverdale railway station, George Blair was shot and killed while trying to rob the postoffice. Near where the road crosses Grouse creek, known as Estus ford, United States Richard Walker, unaided except by his Winchester rifle, captured a party of five horse thieves who had camped there, preparing for a raid prior to a run down into the territory. He was more fortunate than the city marshal of Coffeyville, who, with a posse of five men, rode into a camp of three horse-thieves, near the same spot, and demanded their surrender. The marshal was shot down by the leader of the thieves, when the posse fired a volley, bringing down the murder. Both men were carried to a little log schoolhouse near the creek, where they were tenderly cared for until both the officer and the outlaw died a few minutes later. The latter was buried beside the road and the marshal was carried home to his mourning family. At Estus ford an old man named Kleth was knocked from his horse, robbed, bound and gagged, taken across the creek and turned loose on the burned prairie to make his way the best he could, barefooted, to Arkansas City. In the log schoolhouse which had sheltered the murdered officer and his slayer, within a few feet of the grave that could still be plainly seen, Tom Armstrong was captured by the sheriff of Cowley county. Armstrong had shot and killed James Riley in front of his own store in Arkansas City, and had fled to the old rendezvous. Down this trail, or road, many stolen horses had been led across the river out of reach of danger. So numerous had become these facts that finally a vigilance committee arrested Hugh Hager, who was charged with being one of the gang. Taken to a lincourt to Grouse creek, and carried from a tree into the road, he was finally turned loose. Only a little further down the road a horse that carried a trunk was arrested after a brief battle in which no one was injured. This time the right man was secured and he is now serving a long term in the penitentiary. A short time since John Sealey, another man afflicted with a desire to appropriate other people's horses, was arrested and taken to jail. He had taken shelter in one of the drives immediately beside the road. Later on comes the murder of Lee West, who was shot and killed just as he had crossed a little bridge over Grouse creek. Further up the creek is an island on which an old man named Tommer was killed, while eastward in the valley and only a short distance from the road the body of an unknown man was found shot through the forehead. In the early days this section of the state was said to be the headquarters for horse thieves. On an island formed at the junction of the two rivers was at one time a regularly fortified camp, where a tough gang might be found at any time. As the country became settled the lawless element sought shelter down in the rough country of Indian territory, but the record of Grouse creek road has become a more bloody one.

A POLITICAL PHANTOM.

The Mental Struggle of the Man Who is Working for Office.

The political Mrs. Grundy is a phantom conjured by the apprehension of a politician of what he supposes to be the opinion of the people of a party. The inevitable result of the apprehension, writes George William Curtis, in Harper's Magazine, is that the general opinion is "grounded and magnificent, so that the politician often trying to conform to it, is often trying to conform to a phantom that he despises. Instead of adding weight to the public advantage, he is often doing what he can to do that will at least the least votes. Statesmanhood, he says, consists in doing what you can, not what you would. But the fact of that, the politician is his vagueness. You know what you would, but no man until he knows what he can. It is certain that you can do safely what is generally approved. But the vital count of progress is that somebody shall go first. The forward step is not generally approved until it is generally taken, and in arguing that it ought not to be taken until it is generally approved, you forget that taking it is the way to secure approval. The important point is not what Mrs. Grundy says, but what she ought to say.

Man's Ambition.

At an experience meeting held in New York city the various speakers told what had been the objects of their ambition in early life. One of them had wanted to be president of the United States, another to get rich, another to have plenty of money, another to be a military dictator like Napoleon, another to own a pony, another to be a preacher, another a lawyer, another a blacksmith, and another a naval commander. Only two of all the speakers had attained the object of their early ambition.

One Umbrella Lost.

Mr. Spinks—Why, under heavens, did you give Billington that cotton umbrella? He'll never bring it back.
Mrs. Spinks—The only other one in the rack was silk.
"You should have given him that."
"Humph!" If he wouldn't return the cotton one, why should he return the silk one? Tell me that, Mr. Spinks.
Mr. Spinks—The cotton one was his.
—New York Weekly.

BILLY'S SANTA CLAUS EXPERIENCE.



F COURSE I don't believe in any such person as Santa Claus, but Tommy does. Tommy is my little brother, aged six. Last Christmas I thought I'd make some fun for the young one by playing Santa Claus, but as always happens when I try to

amuse anybody I jes got myself into trouble.

I went to bed pretty early on Christmas eve so as to give my parents a chance to get the presents out of the closet in mamma's room, where they had been locked up since they were bought. I kept my close except my shoes, and put my nightgown over them so as I'd look white if any of them came near me. Then I waited, pinchin' myself to keep awake. After awhile papa came into the room with a lot of things that he dumped on Tommy's bed. Then mamma came in and put some things on mine and in our two stockings that were hung up by the chimney. Then they both went out very quiet, and soon all the lights went out too.

I kept on pinchin' myself and waitin' for a time, and then when I was sure that everybody was asleep I got up. The first thing I went into was my sister's room, and got her white fur rug that mamma gave her on her birthday, and her seal-skin cape that was hanging on the closet door. I tied the cape on my head with shoestrings and it made a good big cap. Then I put the fur rug around me and pinned it with big safety pins what I found on Tommy's garters. Then I got mamma's new-scrap basket, trimmed with roses, what Mrs. Simmons borrowed for the church fair, and piled all of the kid's toys into it. I fastened it to my back with papa's suspenders, and then I started for the roof.

I hurt my fingers some opening the scuttle, but kept right on. It was snowing hard and I stood and let myself get pretty well covered with flakes. Then I crawled over to the chimney that went down into our room and climbed up on top of it. I had brought my bicycle lantern with me and I lighted it so as Tommy could see me when I came down the chimney into the room.



CLIMBED UP ON TOP OF IT.

There did not seem to be any place inside the chimney where I could hold on by my feet, but the climbing in our room was not very high and I had often jumped most as far, so I jes let her go, and I suppose I went down. Anyway, I did not know about anything for a long time. Then I woke up all in the dark with my head feeling queer, and when I tried to turn over in bed I found I wasn't in bed at all, and then my arms and legs began to hurt terrible, mostly one arm that was doubled up. I tried to get up, but I couldn't because my bones hurt so and I was terrible cold and there was nothing to stand on. I was jes stuck. Then I began to cry, and pretty soon I heard mamma's voice say to papa.

"These must be sparrows that are making that noise in the chimney. Jes turn on the light and see what's in the boys' fireplace."

I heard papa strike a light and then the wood began to crackle. Then, by jinks, it began to get hot and smoky and I was burned.

"Help! Marler! Put out that fire, jes you want to burn me up!"

Then I heard papa stamping on the wood and mamma calling out:

"Where's Billy? Where is my child?"

Next Tommy woke up and began to cry and everything was terrible, specially the pains all over me. Then papa called out very stern:

"William, if you are in that chimney come down at once!" and I answered, cryin', that I would if I could, but I was smek and couldn't.

Then I heard papa gettin' dressed, and pretty soon he and John from the stable went up on the roof and let down ropes what I put around me and they hauled me up.

It was jes daylight and I was all black and sooty and scratched and my arm was broken.

Everybody scolded me except mamma. I had spoiled my sister's white rug, and broken all of Tommy's toys, and the snow what went in through the scuttle melted and marked the parlor-celling, besides I guess it cost papa a good deal to get my arm mended. Nobody would believe that I had jes meant to make some fun for Tommy, and my arm and all my bruised places hurt me awful for a long time. If I live to be a million I on never goin' to play Santa Claus agin.
CORNELIA REDMOND.

The Antiquity of the Christmas Box.

Three centuries ago the Christmas box, now not often heard of, was in the height of its glory, as these lines show: (Silly the boy with Christmas box in hand, Throughout the town his devious route pursued.)

EVERYBODY INVITED

—To call at—

A. R. Penny's

.....And examine the.....

HOLIDAY GOODS,

Something to suit every taste at prices lower than ever before.

An Elegant Line

Ladies' and Gents' Watches, Jewelry of All Kinds.

A BEAUTIFUL LINE OF SILVERWARE,

Engraved without extra charge. Large line of

Plush and Hard Wood Toilet Cases, Albums, Books

And Novelties. Come and See, Buy and be happy.

A. R. PENNY.

JAMES FRYE, HUSTONVILLE, KY.

I have purchased the entire stock of Owsley & Craig, consisting of

Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes, Hats,

Caps, Carpets, Wall-paper, Groceries, &c., at

A BIG DISCOUNT,

I must make room for Spring Goods and from now until JAN. 1ST, I OFFER GREAT BARGAINS in all kinds of goods in my line. Granulated sugar, 5 cts.; Arbuckle's coffee, 22½ cts.; Green coffee, 20 cts.; All standard brands of calicoes, 5 cts.; Indigos, 6 cts.; Home made rag carpet, 16 cts.; All wool carpet, 55 cts.; Union carpet, 25 to 40 cts.; Hemp carpet, 10 to 15 cts.; Nice line of rugs very low. Cloaks at one-half price. Great reduction in heavy weight clothing. A job in fine, side-lace shoes at \$1, worth from \$3 to \$4.50. Hoosier cotton, 6 cts.; A. A. A. Trion, 7 cts.; Masonville, 8½ cts.; Green Ticket Lonsdale, 8½ cts. These cottons are all yard wide. Plaid cottons, 5 to 7 cts.; Ginghams, 7 cts., worth 10 cts.; Heavy boots at \$1.25 to \$3, worth from \$2 to \$4. A nice and complete line of

LADIES' SHOES,

At a great mark-down price. Hand-sewed at \$2.50 to \$3, worth \$3 to \$5. Some extra bargains in men's fine shoes.

The very highest market price paid for produce.

Don't wait until Saturdays but come at once. These goods will not be sold long at these prices. No trouble to show goods.

Yours, the Tireless Toiler for Trade, JAMES FRYE.

CALL ON W. C. GREENING, HUSTONVILLE, KY.

Dealer in Groceries, Hardware, Glass-Queens-Tinware, Cigars, and Tobaccos.

He invites the attention of the public to the completeness of his stock in every detail and desires to call particular attention to the low figures at which the above goods are sold. He will not have a large Christmas stock but for Candies, both plain and fancy, and nuts, and the like, his store is the place to go. He desires to thank the people of his section for the liberal patronage he has received and hopes by fair dealing to merit a continuance during the year, 1892.

SANTA CLAUS

With all of his cargo of CHRISTMAS GOODS has made his headquarters at

J. G. Weatherford & Co.'s HUSTONVILLE, KY.

and will be there for the next few days. In his immense stock will be found a splendid assortment of

Christmas Presents of Every Description, Etc.

Besides Confectioneries, Dolls, Toys, will be found a handsome lot of Comb and Brush Cases, Manicure Sets, and an endless variety of Albums and the like. The people of the West End are cordially invited to call and see the largest stock of Xmas Trux ever brought to Hustonville. Thanking our patrons for past favors we solicit a continuance during the coming year.

Stanford Female College.

J. M. HUBBARD, A. M., President.

Fall Session Tuesday, September 1st, 1891.

Full corps of Conservatory and Normal School teachers. Superior courses in Literature, Music and Art. Excellent boarding department. Catalogues and circulars furnished on application.

Mighty : Dollar

—Rendered still more mighty by our—

GRAND : OFFERINGS

Staple & Fancy Goods

Not a store in this section of country where

A DOLLAR GOES SO FAR

—As at the—

Cash

Bargain Store,

Opposite the Portman House,

Stanford, - Kentucky-

—We—

Are Daily Receiving NEW GOODS,

For the

HOLIDAYS,

—And—

Prices will be The Lowest.

—Can give Special Bargains in—

Silk Handkerchiefs, Silk Mufflers, Cashmere Mufflers, Gloves, Ties,

Gents' & Ladies' Underwear, Boots Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c.

A big lot of Sample Caps for Boys and Men, just from auction will be sold at less than manufacturing prices.

On Tuesday, 15th, we will open up a big lot of dry goods, notions, &c.

Which were purchased at a forced sale and they will pass over the counters at such prices that no house in town will ever be able to approach. Only a look and you will be convinced.

We have engaged additional help and will try and serve you as promptly as we possibly can.

Do not mistake the place, follow the crowd to the BIG DOUBLE ROOM, opposite the Portman House.

B. F. JONES, SR., Pro'r.

P. S.—From Dec. 15 to Jan. 1, 1892, we will pay 25¢ per dozen for your Eggs. Bring them along.

MACK : HUFFMAN,

Dealer in

FURNITURE & UNDERTAKERS' GOODS,

desires to call the attention of the public to the complete line always found in his store. He can furnish you with as nice a

Christmas Present AS YOU COULD WISH.

To those who are a little behind in their accounts with him, he asks as a special favor that they come forward and settle.

R. ZIMMER

—Dealer in—

Fruits, : Candies,

TOYS AND XMAS TRUX, ASKS THE PUBLIC TO

CALL AND SEE

His line of Holiday Goods.



—The Virginia legislature re-elected senator Daniel without opposition.

NEWSY NOTES.

—By the working of the Columbian express near Laun, O., persons were killed and wounded. The "E. K. V." and the C. & O. collided at Alderson with freight, killing two and wounding several persons.

Isaac Bangham, a man of color, who resides near Marlborough, in Hartford county, has invented a hemp breaker, to run by steam, water or horse power, and will apply for a patent thereon. He says that it will break 6,000 pounds of rope a day; that it will require only eight hands to operate it and an engine of four-horse power. This he thinks will do the work of 60 hands and thus prove a wonderful labor-saving machine. His invention was on exhibition in the office of Gen. W. J. Landrum for several days and a number of experts who examined pronounced it an extraordinary piece of mechanism and believe that it is not without merit.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY

—William Gridlin, who killed Abe Cates at Boone's Gap, two weeks since, tried her last week and acquitted. From the evidence it appears that Cates was the proprietor of a small grocery and a tiger at the above place and on the night of the killing he and Gridlin gambled until about three o'clock, when a row came up between them over a jack-pot. Gridlin says Cates made a dash at him with a knife when he refused him. Cates was found by neighbors dead on the floor with a large

from Richmond and Paris. Mr. J. W. Avern, of your place, was with us a few days since. Mr. Chas. Widdis, of Livingston, has been seriously ill for some time, but is now better. Dr. E. J. Brown has moved to this place from Paris. Mr. J. C. Wayne, of Parkersville, who has been working on the News at Frederickville, stopped over here a couple of days this week, with Wm. Bower, who is working in the Speed mine. Mr. H. C. Baker and family have moved to Townsend. A. J. Baker has moved to his father's farm. Mr. Joe Mitten, of Cent. Lock, was here Monday getting some mountain lands recorded. Mrs. Noble, living near Marengo, suffered a paralytic stroke Monday. Rev. Pauline C. Carlin, will preach here Sunday. Mrs. Ellen Sawyer, of Windsor, was visiting to us here Sunday.

Notice of Election.

At the time of the 1960 census, the population of the United States was approximately 170 million. The population of the United States in 1960 was approximately 170 million.

1892.
Harper's Weekly.
ILLUSTRATED.

CARPENTER'S PERIODICALS.	
PER YEAR	
Carpenter's Weekly	\$ 4 00
Carpenter's Magazine	4 00
Carpenter's Bazar	4 00
Carpenter's Young People	2 50

*Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

The Volume of the Weekly begins with the number for January of each year. When a name is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the number current at time of receipt of order. The Volume of the Weekly is bound in three parts: one in neat cloth binding, will be sent by air postage paid, or by express free of expense insured the freight does not exceed 5 per cent on the face value. The other two parts are in paper covers for each volume suitable to bind in cloth, will be sent by mail postpaid on receipt of remittances should be made by post—like all mail orders to draw to avoid change of loss. New papers are not to open without investment. Subscriptions orders to Harper & Brothers address
HARPER & BROTHERS,
New York

1892.
Harper's Bazar.
ILLUSTRATED.

[illegible]

ARPER'S PERIODICALS

PER YEAR:

Harper's Bazar	4 00
Harper's Magazine	4 00
Harper's Weekly	4 00
Harper's Young People	4 00

The volumes of the Bazar begin with the first number for January of each year. When no time mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the number current at the time of receipt of order. Four volumes of Harper's Bazar for three is back, in neat cloth binding will be sent by registered mail on express free of expense provided, the freight does not exceed 3 per volume for 3 per volume.

Orders for each volume, suitable for hand, will be sent by mail postpaid on receipt of \$1.

Remittances should be made by post office order or draft to avoid chance of loss. Newspapers not sent on country orders unless the express order of Harper & Brothers, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
New York.

TO VISIT

The Drug Store

Of W. B.

McRoberts,

And See the Grand Display of

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Diamonds, Watches and Silverware.

the Finest Assortment of Rich Gold Jewelry, Silverware and Bronzes suitable for Xmas and Wedding Presents ever shown before. Do not fail to examine our stock of handsomely bound

Gift Books, Poems and Bibles, Story and Picture Books

For children in great variety at the lowest prices.

TOYS, : TOYS!

Dolls, Doll Buggies, Wagons, Carts, Toy Trunks, China Tea Sets,
Lacy Chairs, Bureaus, &c.

Large Assortment of the Most Interesting Games.

OVERCOATS,

NECKWEAR, COLLARS.

Heavy Underwear,
Dress Shirts,

CUFFS, GLOVES,

HEAVY BOOTS,

MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S

FINE SHOES.

M'ROBERTS & HIGGINS.

B. K. & W. H. WEAREN

-Headquarters For-----

Stoves,
Heating Stoves,
Cooking Stoves,
Stoveware,
Stovepipe.

THE WILLARD

—LATE ALEXANDER'S HOTEL,

HOROUGHLY RENOVATED AND IMPROVED.

Rates \$2.50 Per Day.

r. Jefferson, Center and Green Streets, opposite Court-House,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

W. R. LOGAN, Manager.

A. W. Jones, J. J. Sullivan, J. L. Marshall, Clerks.

THE LOUISVILLE STORE GREAT HOLIDAY SALE

Commences this week. All goods sold regardless of Value.

WE MUST SELL Our Immense Stock

And LOW Prices will do it. Greatest opportunity to buy Christmas Goods at Sacrificing Prices. Don't miss this chance. Read the following prices, which will prevail until after Christmas.

DRY GOODS.	Fancy dress goods 12½ cents worth 25c.	Ladies' fine kid shoes 90c.	Men's Kentucky flats \$1.50.	Men's all wool jeans pants 90c.	HOLIDAY GOODS.
Calicoes of all brands 5c.	Henriettas, black and colored 20c.	Our celebrated Johnson shoe \$2.50.	Men's boots, equal to any \$1.90 boots in this town, for \$1.25.	Men's cassimere pants, 20 different styles, \$1.25.	Dolls, Wagons, Trumpets, Wheelbarrows, Drums, Guns, Vases, Work Boxes, Toilet Sets, Perfumes, Handkerchiefs, and an immense line of Gents Mufflers and Neckwear at prices which will astonish you.
Checked cotton 4½c.	Ladies' cloth, 54 inch, 50c.	Children's shoes, 5 to 11 45c.	CLOTHING.	Children's suits \$1.25.	
Canton flannel 5c and up.	SHOES.	Misses shoes, 12 to 2, all solid, 90c.	Boys' jeans pants 50c.	Boys' suits \$2.	
Gingham 4½c.	Ladies' Shoes, 75c a pair.	Men's fine shoes \$1.	Men's jeans pants 65c.	Men's suits \$2.50.	
				Men's all wool suits \$7.50.	

Overcoats, Ladies' and Children's Cloaks and Underwear sold Regardless of Prices and Value. Come early and avoid the rush.

THE LOUISVILLE STORE,
Main St., Stanford.

A. URBANSKY, Pro'r,
Manes & Gabriel, Managers.

CROW & CO.

—Dealers In—

DRUGS & MEDICINES,

McKINNEY, KY.

Keep on hand at all times a large assortment of carefully selected

DRUGS

And PATENT MEDICINES of all kinds. Also carry a nice stock of

FANCY GROCERIES.

COMMERCIAL : HOTEL,

McKINNEY, KY.,

J. P. CROW, PROP.

Rates very Reasonable and Accommodations Strictly First-Class.

Lincoln + Stock + Farm.

J. P. CROW, Prop.

BELMONT CHURCH 8089

SUMAC.

And many other good ones. Read pedigrees in this paper in his Spring Announcement.

→H. C. RUPLEY,←

Merchant Tailor.

Is Receiving His

Fall and Winter Goods

Goods Warranted and a Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Give call.

Go to A. A. WARREN'S

"MODEL GROCERY"

For Canned Fruits, Vegetables and Meats,

Dried Apples, Peaches and Prunes, Rice, Cheese, Pickles, Preserves and Jams;

Lamps, Glass and Queensware, Tin and Woodenware, Fruit Jars, Jelly Glasses, &c.

The Big Stone Post roasts the Virginia editors who composed the excursion party. They went as far as Texas and the Post says it knows of one man who did not change his linen on the entire journey. It reports them as being a survey and unadorned set, and laments the decay of journalism in a State that once had the most influential papers in the country. It should be borne in mind, however, that as a rule only the poorest representatives of the press attend its associations and travel on dead-head excursions. The best element can't spare the time for such trips, and if they can, they prefer to pay their own expenses rather than accompany a railroad crew of poor writers. But the newspapers of Virginia have decayed woefully. "What," says Pope, "must be a priest when the monkey is a god?" What must be the tail of the Virginia press when the Richmond Dispatch is the head?—Louisville Post.

Mrs. Chubbage—"The new minister said he would call this evening."

Chubbage—"Then you had better dust the Bible and turn about a few corners of the leaves."—Judge.

A SOTT ANSWER.—She—"I thought I married the best man in town, but I find I made a mistake." He—"I thought I married the best girl in town and I find that I was not mistaken." She—"Forgive me, Charlie. You know that I do not always mean what I say." He (sotto voce)—"Neither do I."—Brooklyn Life.

Husband (kindly)—My dear, you have nothing decent to wear, have you?

Wife (with alacrity)—No, indeed I haven't—not a thing. I'd be ashamed to be seen anywhere. My evening dress has been worn three times already.

Husband—Yes, that's just what I told Atkins when he offered me two tickets to the theatre to night. I knew if I took them they'd only be wasted. So I just got one. You won't mind if I hurry off?—London Thoughts.

Secretary Foster wants \$1,000,000 for 20 pensioners and Peller has introduced a bill in the senate to grant service pensions, with additional amounts to all who were, at any time, prisoners of war. The head in the average family of five persons now pays an annual tax of \$12.50 for the support of the pension list and the rate is growing day and night year in and year out.—Louisville Times.

Deacon Ironside (at the fat stock show)—Don't stop me! I want to get out of this. Bookkeeper—Don't be in a hurry, old man. You're obstructing the crowd that's trying to get in. What's the matter? Deacon Ironside (struggling violently to get out)—Them horses in the ring is walking—Chicago Tribune.

To seek to repeal the McKinley bill entire, with a republican senate and president, seems too much like hitting one's head against a stone wall simply to show that he detests the obstacle. To knock out stones in the weakest places, with a view to breaching the wall, would seem to be better tactics.—N. Y. World.

Young Crisscross—What kind of a mattress is that I sleep on?

Boarding-house Mistress—It was purchased for a hair mattress and a good one too.

Well, it must be getting bald-headed. —Yonkers Statesman.

Saratoga Association.

Mr. Charles Wheatley, Sec'y of the Saratoga Racing Association, writes: "From the experience of many years' use of Quinn's Ointment, I unhesitatingly recommend it for the cure of blood spavins, windgalls and other soft enlargements."

Miles' Nerve and Livers Pill

Act on a new principle—regulating the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new discovery. Dr. Miles' Pills speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, rapid liver, piles, constipation. Unexcelled for men, women, children. Smallest, mildest, surest. Fifty doses 25 cents. Samples at A. R. Penny's.

The New Cash Store

—COME TO—

Cash Always Told

And will never lose its power. It enables the owner to buy the things of the world and why not be a power in purchasing?

DRY GOODS, FURNISHING GOODS, BOOTS,

NOTIONS, SHOES, and HATS?

Now and try it, then if you are not pleased, return to your first love. I will not give any price, because I prefer you should should see the stuff.

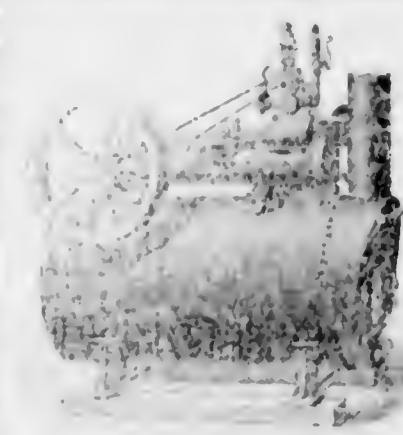
I WILL POSITIVELY KEEP NO BOOKS,

And all cash, date a check—the rich, the poor, the great, the strong, the weak, the wise and foolish. Money will tell. I can do better than that.

BUILD UP A GOOD CASH TRADE

If close attention to business, fair dealing and low prices will not secure to the store next to the Times and Herald, in the City of Louisville.

J. S. HUGHES.

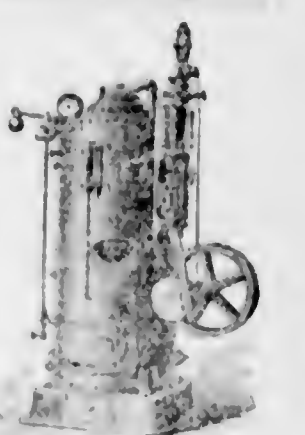


STEAM ENGINES

STEEL BOILERS,

Upright and Horizontal.
Stationary, Semi-Portable and Portable. All sizes up to 26-horse power.
Unequaled in Safety, Simplicity, Strength and Durability.

Write for Free Illustrated Pamphlet and Catalogue to
THE JAMES LEFFEL & CO.,
NEW YORK CITY.



Taking the Church as a whole, it is a great and good institution, but every now and then there crops out a bit of wickedness and meanness in it, which causes the checks of even worldlings to mantle with indignation and shame. Such an instance recently occurred at Mexico, Mo., when the ministers of that place, in the narrowness of their minds, and bitterness of their souls, took concerted action to poison the public mind against a ball given by the daughters of the Centrols for the benefit of the Centrols; this, too, in the face of the fact that the Good Book places charity at the head of all the virtues. Louisville Times.

Look For The Holiday.—The Queen & Crescent Route will sell Holiday excursion tickets in all points on their line and to points in Ohio, Indiana and Michigan and authorized points north of the Ohio river. Also to points east of the Mississippi river and south of the Ohio and Potomac rivers. Tickets will be on sale Dec. 20th to 25th, inclusive, and Dec. 26th to Jan. 1st, 1892, inclusive. Good for return till Jan. 5th, 1892. For further information write to or call on a agent of the Queen & Crescent Route.

HOLIDAY RATES.—Round Trip excursion tickets, local and through, will be sold between all stations on the Kentucky Central and Louisville & Nashville Railroad, at 1½ fares, Dec. 20 to 25, and 26 to Jan. 1st inclusive. Good returning until Jan. 5. Particular attention is called to the fact that excursion tickets can be purchased to any station on the L. & N. system on above dates.

W. E. PERKINS,

Crab Orchard, Ky.,
DEALER IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Men's, Youth's and Boy's Overcoats, Men's Suits from \$4.50 up
Boy's Knee Pants Suits from \$1.25 up. A nice line of Lady's Jack-
ets, which we propose closing out in the next 30 days having reduced
the prices 25 per cent. from former price.

A complete line of Lady's Custom made Fine Shoes.
Men's, Youth's and Boy's Boots and Shoes from the cheapest to
the highest grades of Alter & Forward's custom work.

A full line of Dress Goods, Notions, and Underwear.

Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines, No. 9, 25 per cent. cheap-
er than the traveling salesman.

Car load of salt just received. Highest price paid for Country pro-
duce and Cross Ties.

ENDORSED BY LEADING HORSE MEN

ABSOLUTELY CURES

QUINN'S OINTMENT

REMOVES

SPRAINS

WIND PAINS

W. B. EDDY & CO. WHITEHALL, N. Y.

JAY-EYE-SEE 2:10

Mr. J. L. Case, (Hickory Grove Farm, home of Jay-Eye-See) writes, says: "After trying every known remedy, I removed a large bunch of two years standing, from a 3 year old filly, with three applications of

QUINN'S OINTMENT.

It is the best preparation I have ever used for the cure of. I heartily recommend it to all Horsemen."

We have hundreds of such testimonials.

Price, \$1.50 per bottle. Ask your druggist for it. If he does not keep it, send us 2c. stamp or silver for trial box.

W. B. EDDY & CO., Whitehall, N. Y.

TRY IT.

BLUE GRASS THOUGHTS.

BILL NYE'S TOUCHING LITTLE POEM ABOUT THE HORSE, HOSS HOCE.

The Man Who Courted Death by Starting a Keeley Institute—Chicago Visited—Two Little Girls Who Lost Their Mammas.

Copyright, 1901, by Edgar W. Nye.
IN THE BLUE GRASS COUNTRY.
December.

This country is as hard to beat as a refractory carpet. From an agricultural point of view it has few equals and no superiors. On every hand values are advancing in every direction. Advancing in every direction is one of the most difficult jobs I know of. I used to attempt it myself, but now I do not use liquor in any form.

Far away in whichever way the enraptured eye may turn it sees extended vistas among the stately trees, carpeted with beautiful blue grass and scented with neighboring steeds.



CROWNED WITH LAURELS.

The line dust from the magnificent roads falls upon the stimulated roots of the eternal hawthorn and fertilizes them the year round till the rich carpet crowns the white fall road and checks the trunks of the trees almost, as one may say.

Where will you see such wonderful Short-horns, such slender-legged, graceful and high-blooded horses, such elongated men, such powerful untutored wises, made from the clustering corn? Where will you see such thrift among the thrifty and such a lack of it among the other people? Echo, after wiping off her chin thoughtfully, answers, "Nowhere."

It is here that we strike still another pronunciation of the word "horse." It has inspired me to write a few stanzas entitled "A New Pair of Lines on the Hoss." It reads as follows:

When the cowboy lights out over the plain,
With a skin full of rum and renegades,
You'll find him as fast as a lightning bolt,
Outside of what he terms a horse.

And up in New England, with children like,
The Puritan, freckled with moss,
Pate and liver all on his wagon as new,
And few if he hitches a boss.

But here in Kentucky, where nature is kind
And betting is nothing else,
You'll find the fair girls and elegant men,
Admiring and loving the horse.

[Words and music for sale at this office, or sent on receipt of price by addressing the author at Buck Shoals, N. C.]

Here I met young Mr. Beck, son of Senator Beck and late president of the senate of Wyoming. He presided when I revisited my old home a year ago in the young state where I was once a justice of the peace and editor of the frolicsome but impetuous *Boomerang*.

It was at Cheyenne last year that I said to myself, "I will see the new capital building and shake hands with Secretary of State McPherson, whose lawn used to be the arena on which my cats and Judge Brown's used to settle past differences."

As I went into the assembly chamber the gavel of Speaker Downey fell with a mellow thud and he announced that on the floor of the house a pioneer of the early days, crowned now with the laurels of a grateful people, bearing modestly upon his highly emphasized brow the wreath which he had so bravely won in the face of outrageous fortune, now stood, and he took pleasure in saying to gentlemen and members of the assembly that the regular order of business would be suspended pending a motion to adjourn. The member from Crook county (Mr. Kellogg) then rose and, with a flood of eloquence worthy of a better cause, welcomed the prodigal, and after asking that the fatted maverick be slain he moved that the house do now adjourn in honor of the occasion. It was an eloquent address, and placed Mr. Kellogg at the head of the house as an easy-going and graceful speaker.

The senate had received the wink and adjourned, so that in ten minutes an informal reception was in progress and the legislative branch of the state government of Wyoming had taken an hour's holiday, just as it would if I had been a deceased member of that body.

It was a proud moment to get the eulogy and the obituary and yet be able to eat breakfast the following day. No one who has not swelled up with pardonable pride over his own well worded epitaph can fully appreciate the pleasure of such a thing.

Kentucky is full of chivalry and other wet groceries. I was asked to try some of the other wet groceries. My physician says that there is a mark of brass knuckles on one side of my face and an abrasion at the base of the skull that looks like the work of a slingshot. "Keep as quiet as you can, bathe the face frequently in arnica, apply pounded ice poultices to the base of the skull and hereafter in Kentucky remember that you take whiskey or pass through the state at night."

Those are his words as I remember them dimly at this writing.

Yesterday I received a pitiful letter from Mrs. Bartholomew Todd, of Perce, O. She addressed me at Mount Sterling, Ky., and writes as follows:

"You can do me a great service while in Kentucky by making inquiries for my husband, Bartholomew Todd, of this place, who left home for Lexington over six weeks ago intending to open a Keeley bichloride of gold institute in Kentucky. His family fear that he has been insane, perhaps, and met with foul play. Oh, sir, be kind enough to inquire, and if death has really been his portion will you help me get back of his remains before they become moldered?"

I hadn't the heart to look for Bartholomew after I read that he had started in here to build a Keeley institute. It was a fearfully thing to do. Some men do not know much. They have good hearts, but they are impulsive and let their reflections with their directives organs it would seem. Bartholomew Todd will never more return to Perce, Ohio, and his home. He must well, but his judgment should have been brought in of nights when the cold weather came on. Many a man with a good heart has gone to his death because his judgment lagged at the knees.

We passed through Dwight, Ill., not long ago. Dwight is the home of the Keeley institute. Certainly 1,000 men were in line or ready to fall in line for their regular hypodermic bichloride of gold, and they were good looking men too. Said to say, they were in the main young men. Surely 75 per cent. were below forty, and none that I saw looked like wrecks. They were healthy and normal in every way apparently, except that one horror that had darkened their own lives and fear stained many a pale brow in far away homes.

It must have been good thing. Some three or four patients who have tried the home treatment have died, but probably through ignorance or carelessness, and the last pool of the institute's success is the growth of the patronage.

It will do me good we will let Dr. Keeley settle with his conscience, and every doctor can wait until I give him a column advertisement every Sunday morning. It will do more good than many bales of dark and morbid literature of the "Father, dear father, come home with the new" order.

From Dwight we sailed into Chicago for a day and saw the big fat stock show. I am passionately fond of fine stock, having quite a considerable lot of myself on my country place at Buck Shoals, N. C.

Whenever I see a white horse with a heavy head, of whichers on his foot or a pair of legs, no matter, I am tempted to purchase him for my stud farm.

Some of the about Short-horns were there, and I must say that they are a more popular class of cattle with me, though not so valor made, perhaps, as the Jersey and Albany. The Short-horn is possessed of those elegant qualities of mind and heart which make him beloved by good people everywhere. He is full of good impulses on his, and even in death we gather round him and appreciate him. The Short-horn strikes a good average for weight, too, for five steers of this class left Mount Sterling recently averaging 2,150 pounds apiece.

Along with the fat stock and adjoining the hog department was the Lincoln big cabin. I never before so fully realized from what a humble and beggarly beginning this powerful and gentle man arose. It is a little broken backed sty of one room to begin with, and another worse one added when the got too big to sleep with his parents. It is the romantic log cabin of Joseph Miller, but the shiftness, badly laundered, howl of weak and hopeless, doleful, miserable poverty of the inextinguishable class.

From here he started away down the river with his flabrous load of farm produce and badly rectified whisky, only to give his work and cargo over to the first unidentified lumberman, who bought his load and agreed to meet him later at New Orleans and pay him, but who forgot about it up to the present time. Here he visited the old folks again as he left for the White House, and here he drove a sharpened stake in after years to mark the grave of his father and place a monument there.



PASSING THE HAT.

No Illinois boy used fear the future if he will look at that sorry structure, that tottering, pathetic wreck of Abraham Lincoln's early home.

Not far away on Wabash avenue is the old Libby prison, brought here with every brick and shingle in its place, and now a most interesting war museum. It is filled with wonders of the civil war, which every year is making more valuable as the swift centuries play tag with each other down the misty corridors of time.

Chicago certainly is getting ready for the most startling display of everything that can surprise, astonish and instruct the gaping millions from abroad and the eastern gentleman who has not had time to go west of the Hudson river since William Penn swapped eighty-five cents worth of pennsylvania for the state of Pennsylvania.

Two little girls were on the train south the other day, bound for Lone Pine. We

got to talking with them. They were very poor and all alone, with a tag pinned on their poor little gauzy shawls telling the conductor to see that they got to Lone Pine.

"We are going there to meet papa," the little one said, for she wasn't old enough to keep her affairs to herself. "He had a bad cough and so the doctor told him to go to Lone Pine."

"Have you no mamma, then?" "Yes, but when papa went away she ran off with a young man and had pomegranate hair. I'm going to get on her when I get to Lone Pine. Oh, she was a bad one, you better believe. She sold the stove and they butchered the cow and sold it. Oh, she was a bad one, mamma was. N. Y. Uncle Ab bought our clothes and sent us to papa; but we've got our clothes, though."

The dolls were in their empty lunch box. It was rather pathetic and a good chance to do a little direct charity. It was easy to start such a movement. The harvest was ripe and the passengers were willing. We were not sorry about it when we saw papa, for he was a hollow chested man with the mark of death on his pallid face and the properly flush of consumption on each cheek bone. We saw him on the platform at Lone Pine, with hungry eye looking through the very walls of the car till he found them. The little one said, "Hello, papa," and bounded into his trembling arms.

The elder one caught him by the coat tails and called attention to how hard it had been to keep her sister tidy in the long, dusty, hungry ride. "Just look at them hands! You wouldn't believe that I washed them back here about fifteen miles and wiped 'em on her shawl, 'cos we got our money that the passengers give us down up in the handkercher, would you?"

He said nothing. He bowed his head over them, one at a time, with a hungry little sob, and there was a tremble in his hand and we heard him say, "You poor little neglected, motherless babies."

Then he took them away with their rag dollies and their tear stained faces, and I thought as they turned away at Lone Pine that in case eternal punishment is a settled fact, the Associate Methodist preachers whose duty it may be to move and then poor hot rozzum on that fugitive mother and occasionally turn her around so that the other side can get a little better done ought naturally to be very busy men. I trust she may read this letter and that she will find it duly "fanny."

Bill Nye
Deep Land Villains.



The Czarna Alex, there's a plot against us right here in our own household.

The Czar (carelessly)—Oh, I'm getting used to that sort of thing.

The Czarna—But this is the most dastardly plot yet.

The Czar—What?

The Czarna (in a soft whisper)—The cook is going to leave. Life.

An Able Financier.

As a young man passed along the street a resident remarked to a visitor:

"That's one of our ablest financiers."

"Why, I am astonished," was the reply. "He doesn't look to be over twenty-five."

"He isn't so old as that even."

"How does he happen to be so successful?"

"Blamed if I know. He came here a stranger three years ago, with nothing except his good looks, and today he is the husband of the richest woman in the town."—Detroit Free Press.

The Sad Fate of It.

Beaver—That was a sad thing about Elderswick. He ordered a seventy-five dollar overcoat, and the day after it was delivered he was taken down with typhoid, and won't be able to wear it for a year.

Melton—Will he be able to wear it next year?

Beaver—Oh, yes. But think of having to wear a new overcoat the same year you pay for it.—Clothing and Furnisher.

Kept Count.

Dot went with her mother to church one Sunday and was as demure as possible. She listened with absorbing interest while the minister read through the hymn beginning "As pants the hart for cooling streams," when she whispered to her mother, "Why, mamma, there are two pair of pants in that hymn."—New York Tribune.

An Obstacle.

She—I thought your brother had decided to get married in the evening.

He—He had, but I was to be his best man, and a slight difficulty presented itself.

She—Indeed! Pray, what was it?

He—We couldn't both wear the same dress suit.—Clothing and Furnisher.

The Actress' Diamonds.

Reporter—Did you sell the jewels of the late Miss Footlytes, which she bequeathed for the founding of a hospital?

Executor—Yes.

Reporter—Might I ask how much was realized?

Executor—Certainly. It was \$1.37.—New York Sun.

Always Sweet.

Merchant—What kind of cider is that?

Farmer—Tramp cider.

Merchant—What do you call it that for?

Farmer—It never works.—Detroit Free Press.

Stockholders' Meeting.

A meeting of the stockholders of the National Bank of Hustonville will be held at their banking house in Hustonville on the second Tuesday in January, 1902, for the purpose of electing time directors to serve the ensuing year.

J. W. HOCKER, Cashier.

Stockholders' Meeting.

A meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank will be held at their banking house in Hustonville on the second Tuesday in January, 1902, for the purpose of electing eleven directors to serve the ensuing year.

JOHN J. McROBERTS, Cashier.

Stockholders' Meeting.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Farmers Bank & Trust Co. will be held at their banking house in St. Louis on the first Wednesday in January, 1902, for the purpose of electing eleven directors to serve the ensuing year.

JOHN J. McROBERTS, Cashier.

H. R. CAMNITZ,

Undertaker & Embalmer

Hustonville, Ky.

A full line of Collins Caskets, &c., always on hand.

THE VENDOME HOTEL

WALLACE STEELE, Prop'r.

H. R. CAMNITZ, Mang'r,

HUSTONVILLE, KY.

Thoroughly refitted and refurnished and fully prepared to attend to the wants of the public. A fine SAMPLE ROOM attached 22' by 22' feet.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the firm of Cress & Davidson, At Kinross, Ky., will come forward and settle same, or their accounts will be placed in the hands of an officer after January 1, 1902.

MRS. W. S. COUCH,
W. F. DAVISON.

PUBLIC SALE

HOUSEHOLD AND KITCHEN FURNITURE.

We will offer at public sale, beginning at 2 o'clock, P. M., at Hustonville on

SATURDAY, DEC. 19, '91.

Our entire lot of Household and Kitchen Furniture. All in good shape. This will be a rare chance for a bargain.

J. J. & M. E. ALLEN,
Hustonville, Ky.

1,000 LBS

CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

Every conceivable kind at from 10 to 75 cents per pound.

Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Malaga Grapes, California Pears, Figs, Raisins, &c., best in market in great abundance.

Pre-serves, Jellies, Sweet Pickles, Spiced Pickle, Sour Pickle, Peach and Apple Butter all in bulk and of the very best quality.

JESSE D. WEARE.

C. C. VANARSDALE,

Proprietor

Hustonville Roller Mills

And Dealer In

FLOUR, MEAL, SHIPSTUFF AND BRAN.

Desires to thank his patrons for the many favors they have extended him during the past several years and respectfully solicits a continuance during the coming year. He will be found at his mill at all times ready to wait on the trade and solicits your orders by mail. Will sell flour at all times as low as he can possibly make it.

J. T. HOCKER,

Dealer in

Gen'l Merchandise,

TURNERSVILLE, KY.

A good assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., always on hand. Take him your country produce.

82-2t

Severance & Son,

—DEALERS IN—

Dry Goods, Notions, Carpets, Etc.

Gents', Ladies' and Childrens' Shoes.

Always Lead In Style Quality and Prices.

Our Stock by Frequent Purchases is Always Kept Full.

We have just secured a sample line of Towels, Tray Covers, Table Scarfs, Silk Handkerchiefs, Mufflers, &c., from one of the largest houses in this country, which we propose to sell at wholesale prices. In this lot are some finer goods than are usually brought to this market.

We have a few nice

DRESS PATTERNS

and other items which we do not propose to carry over if a price will sell them.

We keep the

BEST GENTLEMEN'S SHOES

to be found any where. Our stock of ladies' and children's shoes is complete, having just assorted up.

Gentlemen in want of underwear should examine what we have in that line.

The largest and most elegant stock of NECKWEAR ever seen in Stanford.

Consult your interest and come and see us.

CHRISTMAS

—AND—

Holiday Goods.

We have a nicely selected line of Christmas Presents, such as

Vases, Chamber Sets, Water Sets,

Toilet Sets, Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, Lamps, &c. The nicest and most comprehensive stock ever brought to Stanford. An endless variety of

Toys For The Children.

A splendid assortment of

FOREIGN and DOMESTIC FRUITS.

We also desire to call the attention of the public to our line of

PLAIN - AND - FANCY - CANDIES.

Which is Unequaled.

FARRIS & HARDIN.

STANFORD, KY

Stanford Lumber Yard,

The best selected stock and lowest prices in Central Kentucky.

LUMBER, SASH, FLOORING, LATH, DOORS, CEILING, SHINGLES, BLINDS, SIDING, Verandah and Stairwork at city prices.

WOVEN WIRE AND SLAT FENCE

We carry a full stock of everything found in a

FIRST-CLASS LUMBER YARD.

Examine our designs and specifications before letting your contract or building.

SINE & MENEFFEE, Stanford, Ky.

